Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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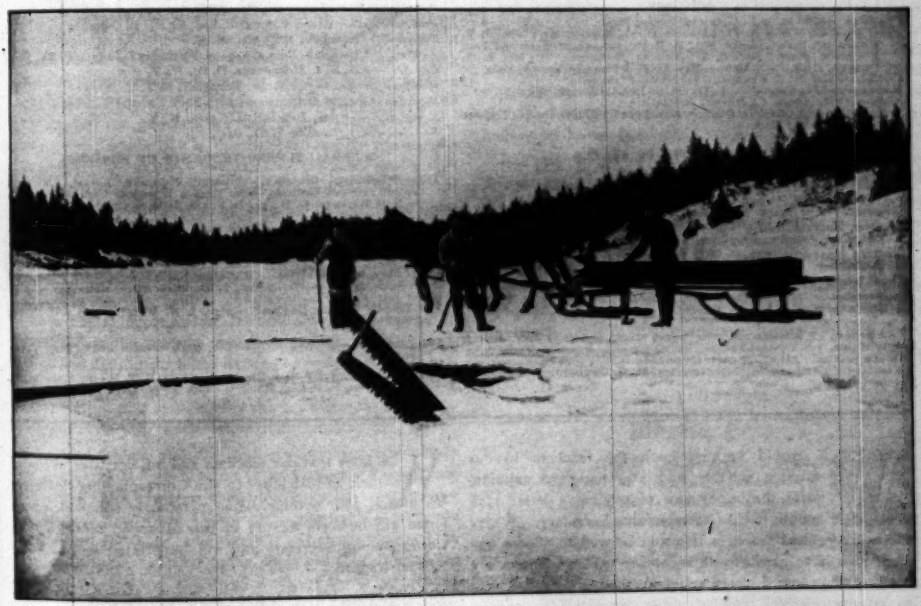

Ice-Cutting at Wood Island, Alaska

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1905"

JANUARY.
Cuba and Porto Rico.
FEBRUARY.
Alaska.
MARCH.
The Negro.
APRIL.
Mexico and New Mexico.
MAY.
Our Foreign Population.
JUNE.
Echoes from the Annual Meeting.
JULY.
Chinese in America.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
——
OCTOBER.
Indians.
NOVEMBER.
Mormons.
DECEMBER.
The Treasury.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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WE would impress upon the teachers in our mission schools, and also upon our missionaries, the importance of sending a letter each month to the Corresponding Secretary. Where there are several teachers it would be well to choose one each month to perform this service. These letters are read at our Board meetings, and then copies are sent to mission circles. One of these letters will be mimeographed each month, and sent to each State worker and director in New England. Any circle wishing this letter for its meeting can write to the director for it, have it copied, and return it to the director, so it can be of service in other churches.

A PROGRAMME on Alaska has been carefully prepared by Mrs. L. A. Holman. Send for it, please. The price of it is two cents, and one cent for postage. Send also for the Alaska Calendar, of which we have quite a number on hand.

WE hope that our teachers and missionaries will send their annual letter to the Corresponding Secretary by March 20th without being personally solicited. This letter will be incorporated in the advanced report of the Corresponding Secretary and will be printed in full in the Annual Report.

WE ask our missionaries and teachers to acknowledge the receipt of barrels and boxes as soon as received. The donors of these barrels spend days and weeks preparing the barrel, oftentimes at great personal sacrifice. Frequently the girls give up their play to spend an afternoon in sewing or dressing dolls. They would like a letter telling of its receipt and of the teacher's appreciation of it, a little more than a simple acknowledgment. We know our teachers are busy, but many of the women who prepare the barrels are exceedingly busy women, and sacrifice much to do this work.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, 1905 No. 2

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

THE question is often asked, "How are affairs progressing in Alaska? Is the work at Wood Island prospering?" and we are able to give an encouraging reply. But turn the question around, How is the interest in the Alaska Mission progressing among our Circles, Sunday schools, and Young People's Societies? Is this also encouraging? To answer the question we turn to the book on our treasurer's desk, which like a thermometer records whether the interest is high or low. We find that the mean temperature since April, 1904, has been lower than ever before, and that at a time when it should be steadily rising, it goes down instead of up.

What is the matter? Our thermometer is surely all right. It is carefully examined every day to see that it is correct in every particular. The trouble, then, must be elsewhere. Is it because our friends are losing interest in Alaska that the amount contributed since April, 1904, is much less than in the same months of 1903? Are our Sunday schools forgetting that the Orphanage is their special care? Does that explain why the contributions from Sunday schools are so much less than at this date last year?

Lack of interest and forgetfulness are enemies that must be overcome if our Mission is to prosper. For thirteen years and more our New England friends have worked and prayed for the Wood Island Orphanage. We urge you now not to endanger by indifference what has already been accomplished. Your sympathy, love, and cooperation have led into a better way and given a chance in life to scores of boys and girls who otherwise would have been left in bondage to superstition and sin. You have given them a refuge from sin. You have sent to them those who have not only ministered to their physical needs but have taught them the true meaning of life here and the secret of life eternal. Many of the children have publicly professed their faith in Christ, and others express their love for and desire to serve Him. Over ninety children have been under the direct influence of the Orphanage, and many others have attended the school connected with the mission. One of the girls, who has now a home in a mining village some distance from Wood Island, writes us: "How I love the Orphanage," every nook and corner of it. How grateful I am for all its teachings. I can never express my gratitude for all it has done for me. I am trying to live up to what I have been taught." In thus caring for others, you yourselves have been blessed. Your own homes and Christian lives have been dearer and stronger as you have shared them with others. Do not falter now. You can see the need to hold fast and strengthen what has been gained, that more may be accomplished.

But two months of our fiscal year remain. As yet but a small portion of the amount needed for the support of the Mission has been received, and our Sunday schools are slow in sending in their gifts. Please see to it that *your* Circle and Young People's Society are duly interested, and that *your* Sunday school does not forget its annual gift. Then day by day we shall see the thermometer in our office steadily rising, the Mission will feel that strong hands and hearts are in sympathy and working for and with them, and your own hearts will receive the blessing which comes to faithfulness in the Master's service.

Alaskan Gold

A MILLION years in the smelting pots
Of the great earth's furnace core,
It bubbled and boiled as the old gods toiled
Before it was time to pour.

A million years in the giant molds
Of granite and mica schist,
It cooled and lay in the selfsame way
That into their hearts it hissed.

A million years, and the clouds of steam
Were rivers and lakes and seas,
And the mastodon to his grave had gone
In the coal that once was trees.

Then the Master Molder raised His hand,
And scattered the gray rock mold,
And sprinkled its core from shore to shore,
And the dust that fell was gold. — *Selected.*

Telegraphy in Alaska

The great event of the year is the completion of the Alaskan Telegraph System. It presented unusual difficulties, because of adverse climate and geographical condition. But with justifiable pride, Gen. A. W. Greely, chief signal officer of the United States Army, announces its completion. The system includes 2,127 miles of cables, 1,504 miles of land lines, and a wireless system covering 107 miles. The system connects with the Western Union and Postal lines at Seattle, with the Dominion Government at Fort Egbert, and the White Pass and Yukon lines at Skagway, and the long distance telephone at Nome.

Alaskan Boundary Posts

"Sixty brass posts to be used in marking the Alaskan boundary, as determined by the recent commission, are being manufactured by a local firm under direction of the Canadian Government, and other firms in various parts of Canada are filling similar orders. The posts are five feet long, and will be riveted to masonry foundations. On one side in large letters will appear the word 'Canada,' and on the other 'United States.'"

Whites in Alaska

"The annual report of Governor Brady, of Alaska, estimates the total white population of that district as 26,550, with possibly a small increase in the native population since the 1900 census, which made the total number of natives 29,536.

"The total pack of the salmon canning industry has aggregated 1,910,000 cases during the past year.

"The report asks for better transportation facilities, representation by a delegate in Congress, legislation to encourage the home seeker and home builder, and for the detail of one or more gunboats to cruise in Alaskan waters to protect industries there."

Alaska Customs Headquarters

"The Treasury Department has issued a circular officially announcing the fact that, by Act of Congress passed at the recent session, the headquarters of the Alaska customs district is changed from Sitka to Juneau. The department long ago recommended this change, but an Act of Congress was required to bring it about, and Congress sometimes moves slowly. It is expected that Collector Jarvis will remove his office to Juneau during the coming summer. Juneau is much more conveniently located, since it is on the direct route of travel to southeastern Alaska."

Largest Coaling-Station in the Pacific

"The Navy Department has decided to establish the largest coaling-station on the Pacific at Kiska Island, in the Aleutian chain, about 800 miles west of Dutch Harbor. The plans for the station were devised by the General Board of the Navy, of which Admiral Dewey is the head. It is roughly estimated that the station will in the end cost about $1,500,000, for it is proposed to provide first-class facilities for coaling ships, and to maintain a supply of not less than 100,000 tons of coal there.

"The natural harbor is provided with breakwater in little Kiska Island. There is a great depth of water, and dredging will be necessary only in the immediate vicinity of the wharves.

"The naval officers who are interested in the project say that the Kiska Island site answers in a marked degree all the requirements of naval strategy. It is within 250 miles of the great circle route between the Pacific Coast and the Oriental ports, and the coal supply will be of value to the merchant trade in case of emergency. The place will also furnish a harbor of refuge."

Two Christmas Days

Russian and American Holidays Kept in Alaska.

Santa Claus' First Visit in 1899 So Long Delayed That He Did Not Arrive until St. Patrick's Day.

ALASKA is the only place over which the American flag floats where two Christmas days are celebrated. This applies especially to the Alaskan peninsula and adjoining islands, where all the natives belong to the Russian Church with her Julian calendar.

According to the Russian Church in Alaska, Christmas begins at two o'clock in the morning, when the church bells announce the birth of Christ; and when the natives come out of their huts they find a bright and beautiful Star of Bethlehem over the church beckoning them. The church is a small wooden building decorated with pictures of saints, lighted by candles, without seats or heat. The two sexes are arranged on the opposite sides of the room, either standing or kneeling. On this particular morning service is held from two until six, and is made up of singing and reading.

After the service the feasting and rejoicing begins. In the evening there takes place a very picturesque representation of the wise men following the star of Bethleham to where the Christ-child is. As soon as it is night the young people separate into groups. One of the group goes before carrying a large, beautifully trimmed star, in which a candle burns. On entering a house the party sings hymns and carols, just as it was done centuries ago.

These songs are either in the old Russian or in the Aleutian language. Many of the voices have the softness and sweetness so peculiar to Indian races, and that, combined with the charming old church music, produces a very agreeable effect. When they have sung and been entertained, the wise men proceed to the next house. This carol-singing is kept up for three nights.

During the remaining nights of Christmas week another Biblical scene is presented, — Herod's men searching Jesus to kill him. Some one knocks at the door, and, when it is opened, a small, masked party enters very softly and mutely and occupies itself in searching, and after some little time it passes out as silently as it came.

The new year is welcomed in with a grand masquerade ball, generally given by the chief of the village. The dance hall is a small room, lighted by dripping candles, just about

high enough for one to stand up straight, and the floor is far from smooth. A squaw, Aleutian boy, and a half-breed furnish the music on the accordion, harmonica, and guitar. If the costumes are less rich than those worn at the opera-ball in Paris, they are, on the other hand, more amusing, and the dancers have no doubt a much better time, for it takes so little to make an Aleut happy.

One feature of the Russian Christmas is not so attractive, and that is drunkenness. In recent years, however, this evil has greatly diminished.

With the coming of the American public schools, the "American Christmas" has been introduced. It may be worth while to relate here the experience of one school on the Shumagin Islands that tried to celebrate Christmas in the American way. In 1899, while the writer was on the island of Unga, a number of white men subscribed a sum of money for the purchase of gifts for the native children to be distributed on December 25th. The money was sent down to Seattle, and the things were expected by the middle of December, the scheduled time of the monthly mail-boat. In the meantime the teacher was busy teaching the children "pieces," and telling them of the wonders and goodness of Santa Claus, how he gives shoes and clothing to those who are in need, food to those that hunger, and toys to all who are good and obedient. Their faith in these stories corresponded only to their great need of the objects mentioned, for a great many of them had neither sufficient food nor clothing.

By the first of December the children who were building such beautiful castles of shoes, stockings, and sweaters, decorated here and there with toys, were in high glee, and their excitement increased as Christmas drew near. But, to the great sorrow of the Americans, the mail-boat failed to appear. The drooping faces of the poor, cold, hungry children were even sadder than the teacher's, who was called upon daily to answer a thousand and one questions. New Year's day came and went, and still no boat. February was the longest month of the year, and yet Santa Claus did not show up. It was not until the early part of March that the mail-steamer came, bringing their long-expected, long-delayed castles.

By the time the things were sorted and a tree made (there are no trees on the Alaskan peninsula and adjoining islands) it was close on to St. Patrick's Day, and so it was decided to have the celebration on that day. At 7.30 that evening the little schoolhouse was filled with the natives of the village and the few white people who were there. For lack of regular Christmas recitations the children had learned nursery rhymes, but the chief and the other Aleuts who did not understand English were very charitable, and applauded with great warmth everything that was said. Their great admiration, however, was for the Christmas tree, which was brilliantly lighted, and for the musical selections played on a music-box, which we had secured at the last moment.

Just at the close of the exercises Santa Claus came, bringing with him shoes, stockings, caps, mittens, a few toys, and some candy. The joy of the children was beyond description, and that night there were many happy hearts in that gloomy village, and many warm little bodies for some time afterward. Those who had the matter in charge felt well repaid for all their troubles, for they had accomplished what they had set out to do, — make the children happy, and introduce formally the "American Christmas," which has, since that time, become a local institution on the Shumagin Islands. Not always on time, yet Santa Claus seldom fails to appear, and the Aleut is very patient and forgiving. Sometimes he stops there on his way to Boston, other times on his way from Boston, as he did in 1901, when he brought from some of the good women of Jamaica Plain gifts that bought fifty pairs of warm stockings. — *F. A. Golder, in Boston Globe.*

Afognak, Alaska

I WROTE to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Washington, D. C., asking him for an organ. He wrote me that the United States government had never furnished organs for the Alaska schools, but if I would write to you, and state my need, you might find some friends or Sabbath school who would present me with a baby organ.

I am the only white woman on this island, and have organized the first Sabbath school. This is, as you know, within the sphere of Baptist influence.

There is a Greek church here. It is a very poor imitation of Christian life they teach. Neither the reader nor the people can understand a word that is read or sung.

I have nearly eighty children in school. About fifty come to the Sunday school, which, of course, is in the day schoolroom. I carry it on exactly as we do our Sunday schools in the States, only I have to teach the lesson to the whole school. There has been no priest here since July. A man told me the other day that he did not think a priest would ever have the same hold on the people that he had before I came. I do not work against the Greek Church, but I work for God.

This is an inaccessible and lonesome place, but I think I have a good hold on the natives, and hope to do them good. For a number of years they have had a native teacher of the Greek Church.

It seems plain to me that my coming here was a direct leading of the Spirit, and I have asked for the organ to help me in my work, in faith that some way or other the Lord would send it to me. I am a member of the First Baptist Church of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, U. S. A., but have been working among the Indians, as government teacher, in Colorado and South Dakota for the few past years.

If you should be able to send the organ, can it be given in this way: that if I go to another field where I need it, I may take it with me, but it must always be used to further the cause of Christ?

Also if you know of a society that will send me a dozen Gospel Hymns without notes, 1 to 6, — I have so few, only nine, — and any other little things that I can use in my Sunday or day school. I have plenty of Testaments, supplied by the United States government, but to children who are just learning our language these mean very little. I teach little prayers and Gospel hymns, and the 23d Psalm. They are remarkably quick in memorizing.

This is the largest native settlement in Alaska; and while the government pays me for my services as a teacher, I will do all I can as a field missionary. But I could do much more effective work if I had things to show the children. I think the Greek Church holds these Indians more by the beautiful paintings, etc., that Russia supplies than by anything else. They must see something, as they have not enough experience in life to build new ideas from the old. I would like so much to have an illustrated Sunday-school lesson chart. An old one out of use will do just as well as a new one. There are so many little papers and cards in the world, it seems such a pity that these dear children never have anything pretty or interesting in that line. In many of the native homes a picture from a tin can is preserved with great care.

The children are loving and bright. Every one is good to me. The Alaskans are intelligent and generous, but oh, in such need of Christian light!

Praying God to answer this letter as He sees best,

I remain, sincerely,

HANNAH E. BREECE.

Afognak, Alaska, Dec. 13, 1904.

VIEW FROM ORPHANAGE TOWARD SOUTHWEST

HERETOFORE in our February ECHOES we have from Mr. Coe's letters gathered the record of the year's work at the Alaska Mission and given it to our readers. But Mr. Coe is now in New England, and many of you will have an opportunity to hear from him directly, not the record of one year only, but of all his years of service in Alaska, especially the last six. In August, 1904, with his family, he left Wood Island, and after a short stop in Seattle and California, they reached Chicago, in September. On account of his wife's illness, and the serious sickness of his father, his coming to New England has been delayed.

For the benefit of those who may not be able to hear him I give a glimpse of a portion of the year's work.

Our first letter of 1904 was dated January 8th. At that time the question of food supplies was causing great anxiety. Mr. Coe had relied upon the Alaska Commercial Company to furnish supplies for the Orphanage, but goods ordered in October had not reached them in January.

The whole winter was for them one of care and anxiety. Mrs. Campbell was at one time severely ill, the working force small in number, and extra care and work came upon Mrs. Coe. Again and again came the call for more workers, and the answer on our part — where shall we find them? The winter, though not a cold one, was a hard one for the natives on the island. Since the transfer of the Territory from the Russians, the natives have steadily seen their industries taken from them by the encroachments of the whites, until with the departure of the North American Company their last support was removed. Had it not been for some little employment given them by Mr. Coe there would have been much suffering.

Upon March 1st a letter was received in answer to one in which we spoke of the severity of our New England winter. To this Mr. Coe replied:

"You poor people, how you must have suffered with the cold; come to Alaska for the winter, and enjoy the balmy breezes and the warm winter days. The coldest weather we have had has been eight above zero; we have had a lower daily temperature, but none that has been anything like you report. For the last three weeks we have had strong winds, and only a day or so for a week has it been safe to cross to Kadiak, the sea has been so rough. The *Bertha* came at 5.15 this A. M. Instead of Miss Curtis, for whom we were so anxiously waiting, a letter came saying that she will be on the next boat if she can reach the coast. We are disappointed, for we so much need help we are not able to do and care for all things as we would.

April 23d Mr. Coe wrote that half of the spring work was done. He had sown grass-seed, 200 pounds of oats, barley, wheat, rye, peas, etc., and one half-acre of potatoes. It was then so wet that they could do but little in the fields.

Up to this time in the outdoor work he had received great help from a number of the older boys who had long been under his care. Four of them were now to leave him and go out for themselves. Two were to work for the cattle people at $35 per month and board to start with, and the prospect of increase to $50 per month and permanent work. Two others were to go to Unga to work in the mines at $2 per day. With their departure he was left with but one strong worker among the boys. In April we were able to write him that our long search for an assistant was rewarded, and that Mr. S. A. Coldwell, of Canton, Mass., was secured, and would soon reach the Mission.

Because of the good tidings, Mr. Coe began to make some plans for the vacation which the Board had generously granted him.

He wrote: "We appreciate the thoughtfulness and generosity of the Board in giving us the proposed vacation; the prospect of help so soon is comforting, and we long for the time to come to welcome the newcomer."

During the winter Dr. and Mrs. Mills had occupied a a house near the Orphanage. Mrs. Mills had had charge of the government school, and had shown great interest in the children. With the close of the school term they were to leave, and again the Mission and the whole district was to be without a physician. "We want a medical man. We must have one," was the oft-repeated cry. The necessity of appointing a medical missionary was apparent, and the Board voted so to do. But up to the present time no one has been secured.

Another letter says: "I wish we could secure the buildings of the North American Commercial Company. Their large warehouse would make a fine barn, and we need it. Their flour house is what we need for storing goods.

"In fact we are now, by permission of the company, using that and their boat-house. The carpenter's shop and the native houses and the two or three cottages would come in well from time to time as the children marry. I bought a home for one couple recently — the price paid was the enormous sum of fifteen dollars. The house is small, one room, and entered through a shed. It is on the shore of a beautiful lake, a lake no larger than a good-sized floor. There are some good-sized shade-trees in the front yard. I have sown grass-seed all around the place. Annie Lawson, who will 'soon be married, will have the home. Many of the children are now asking for baptism, including my oldest boy and girl, Curtis and Lulu. They all give verbal evidence of faith in Christ, and I believe a great number of them are converted; but I go slowly as regards receiving them into the church."

Some one has said the Wood Island Mission presents a neat and businesslike appearance, and reminds one of the East more than anything seen in Alaska. The cattle in the meadows, the horses pulling the plough, the chickens about the stables, the ducks and geese in the lakes, remind one of the old farm back in the States.

We are glad to introduce our readers to some of these animals: first, the fine group of Langshan chickens, in

which Mr. Coe takes so much pride — "the finest lot of little chicks we have ever had;" the ducks, which he claims have been sadly neglected during the year;" and the prettiest little things ever seen on the farm are the little kids and the beautiful Angora goats." All these, and the well-tilled farm, cultivated gardens, the comfortable buildings, and group of happy children, are answers to the question, does it pay?

The June letter contained the joyful news of Mr. Coldwell's arrival. The large number of boxes sent from Boston early in the season reached the Mission this month. They were opened and the Christmas gifts carefully marked and packed away in order that the children should be well cared for on the Christmas tree.

Upon the evening before Mr. Coe's fortieth birthday, which occurred in May, the women and children gave him a surprise, and planned an entertainment. Ofdotia read an original poem, in which she expressed their love and respect for him.

July letters tell of their fear lest the cattlemen should get possession of the Commercial Company's buildings and use them for cold storage and a butchering plant, also of their pleasure and approval of Mr. Coldwell, that they find him very helpful, and that he seemed happy in the work. His coming had cheered them all. They had had a room newly papered and painted and prepared for him, but the steamer was ahead of time, and the room was not quite ready when he reached the Mission. Much gratitude is expressed for the boxes, and for the loving thoughts that prompted all the gifts, and the careful packing of the same. They received strength and comfort from the thought that thousands of miles away were those who planned and cared so steadily and carefully for them. During the summer the mission was visited by Doctor Romerig and wife of the

Moravian Mission. They were returning to their field of labor in Alaska, there to establish a hospital.

Our last letter was in August, on the eve of their departure for the States. Before Mr. Coe left, five of the children were baptized and three of them married. Among the latter is Ofdotia Brown. She has gone from the island to Uyak, a mining village. Her cheerful presence, willing service, and ministrations of love to all will be deeply missed. August 6th, the Coes left the Mission, and the work was left in charge of Mr. Coldwell. A great responsibility is thus placed upon him; but great care had been taken to have everything in as good order as possible, and we believe him to be equal to the responsibility. Of work, he says, "I find plenty of work to do, and in this I am not disappointed, for I expected it." Things will move on as nearly as possible as when Mr. Coe was here. The Sunday service, the weekly prayer-meeting, and religious exercises at the Home, will all be cared for by Mr. Coldwell, the school by Miss Curtis; and both Mrs. Campbell and Miss Curtis will have a care of the children. The children are even now anxiously counting the time until Papa and Mamma Coe will be with them. On the whole, the summer was cold and sunless, sixty-five degrees marking the highest temperature. Nevertheless, they were able to gather in something from the gardens, though small in comparison with other years. The grains did not ripen, and because of the continuous wet weather they were obliged to place them all in the silo. The oats grew to a good height and the heads were well filled. They gathered in forty-eight bushels of potatoes, eight bushels of turnips, six bushels of winter radish, after having used from the gardens for the table as occasion required.

The record of the year may seem to tell more of material prosperity than of spiritual growth, but the latter has not been wanting. Those who have been so long in the Christian home, and have gone from it, will take with them the influence of that life and home. It will be felt in the places where they settle; of this we have already had proof. We turn from 1904 to 1905. We have had encouraging things in the past, and we have had discouraging things, but throughout the whole year has been the thought that we were seeking to do the will of Him who came to seek and save the lost, and because of this we urge our workers to more generous gifts and more earnest prayer for the Alaska Mission.

American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

THE revelations concerning Mormonism made through the Senate investigation at Washington have been sufficiently sensational to awaken the American people to the peril involved in this political and commercial and religious monstrosity, unless a hopeless indifference to the public welfare prevails. A friend in Boston is doubtless right in saying that very few of our people realize the grip the Mormon hierarchy is exerting upon the government at Washington, and is not an alarmist in his fear that unless something very positive is done at this time the power of the Mormon Church, through its machinery, will grow and extend until it will be almost impossible for a patriotic citizenship to cope with it. It certainly will be beyond a sleepy and indifferent citizenship to cope with such an alert and unscrupulous system. The evidence shows that the Mormon Church has deliberately broken its part of the contract when statehood was conferred, that the laws have been disregarded and defied, and that efforts are unceasing to place Mormon colonists so that the hierarchy will hold the balance of political power in many of the western States. Much depends on what the Senate will do. It has the choice between playing party politics or standing for law, justice, and Americanism.

THE amount required by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to meet its obligations for the three months ending April 1st, according to a careful estimate, is $343,449.50. This is an unusually large sum and unless offerings exceed those of the same period last year, there is prospect of a troublesome debt of about $60,000.

BE sure to read that woman's letter, written by one of the noble missionary workers of the West. What shifting scenes and quick play of the emotions it presents, with the real missionary spirit all through. This was the pioneer work of twenty years ago; and of a hundred years ago; yes, and is the kind of work being done to-day. Out to carry the gospel to the destitute; to plant churches; to give a blessed ministry and preach the everlasting gospel. A wide parish on the Arizona plains this pastor and his wife counted theirs. The mountains, too, must not be left out. It is a fine letter, and so genuinely feminine! One moment telling of a church organized; of rival effort; the next, mountain-climbing in a dangerous Indian country; narrow escape, "baby and I on the side of the mountain, holding to rocks" — a precipice pass; then warm welcome at a rude hotel, lost on the desert, caught in floods, — "so tired I wanted to go by myself and have a good cry, but concluded to laugh it off;" home in good spirits after fifty miles of travel — and at the end of it news of twenty-five new cases of smallpox and a panic-stricken people to be quieted and helped! There is a panorama of life. It ought to animate the readers to a little more strenuous service for our home mission work.

THE first comprehensive sketch of the "Home Mission Work of American Baptists" has been written by Dr. Morehouse and published by the Home Mission Society. It makes a valuable handbook. Send four two-cent stamps for a copy, read it, and you will agree as to its interest and value to every one interested at all in missions and the right development of America.

THE President of Roger Williams University, at Nashville, Tenn., writes that great sorrow has come to that institution by reason of the death on Christmas morning of Miss Arvilla H. Starkweather, who became a member of the faculty last September. She was a daughter of Rev. A. H. Starkweather, who was long a home missionary in Illinois and Iowa, and was greatly loved by her pupils.

DR. MOSELEY writes from Santiago, Cuba, that thus far, in the evangelistic work four hundred people have expressed their desire to obey Christ and unite with the Baptists, and that ultimately some two hundred of these will be baptized. This is in the San Luis and other districts. A systematic evangelistic campaign is in progress throughout the field. The results show what a remarkable work is being accomplished in western Cuba.

A LETTER from Rev. Stephen S. Huse, Jr., at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, tells of the good work now in progress, although few things looked hopeful at the beginning. As an important factor, he says, "the lady missionaries from the Woman's Societies worked faithfully." As a result of thorough coöperation, the Mexican part of the congregation doubled in the first eight months, and there is a spirit and determination to go forward. A vigorous Young People's Union has been organized, and two of the church-members are students for the ministry.

From Seattle to Copper Centre

BY MRS. G. S. CLEVENGER

WHILE the voyage here described was taken some time ago, there is no special time element in such a narrative, and it is altogether too good to lose. Mr. and Mrs. Clevenger are doing pretty much all the work which the Home Mission Society is undertaking in Alaska at present, though an enlargement of the work is receiving careful consideration, and would be certain and speedy if the contributions from the churches made it possible. This story of the journey from the Washington port to the land of wonderful contrasts and as yet only guessed at riches, both mineral and agricultural, will interest every reader. — ED.

The *Nome City* sailed from Seattle May 8th, with Mr. Clevenger and myself on board, bound for our field of labor, Copper Centre. It was some two months later, owing to various detentions, ere we reached our destination.

The first stop, five days and nearly 1,500 miles from Seattle, was at Sitka, situated on beautiful, island-dotted Sitka Bay. This sleepy old town is rich in Russian reminiscences. The Greek Church, built some ten years before the purchase of Alaska by the United States, is yet supported by the Russian Government; through the influence of our customs officer we were shown through it by an obliging native Russian who spoke English fluently. This church has been the recipient of costly gifts from noted and titled Russians. There are valuable paintings, — some of the Madonna and child where only the faces are painted, the draperies being all of beaten gold and silver; and there are priestly vestments, rich and heavy with lace and ornaments, and the gold and silver threads woven into them. The Sheldon Jackson Museum here is another interesting place, containing Indian relics and curios from all over Alaska.

Then we came to Yakutat. While we were unloading a complete sawmill outfit the natives swarmed aboard, bent on business. They do not lose a customer from lack of variety in their wares, and had for sale baskets, copper knives, and various other specimens of their handiwork. Many spoke English well; all were comfortably clad in American dress; these things are probably due, in part at least, to the presence of the Swedish mission and school for natives.

The next halts were at Kayak and at Ellamar, for the landing of freight. Neither place has a wharf, and we made our observations from steamer deck. At the former place there has been considerable development work in oil properties; at the latter, in copper mining. Here we began to see a good deal of snow, and as we neared Fort Liscum spring verdure gave way to a wintry aspect. A company of soldiers aboard, going to relieve the company already there, was greeted by the boys on shore with the shout, "Only 59 feet of snow last winter," followed by an improvised song beginning, "There's a land, where they don't shovel snow."

Across the bay at Valdez, May 17th, there was snow to the water's edge, and drifts in the streets from five to ten feet deep. Valdez Bay is a beautiful harbor; so protected, apparently, as to be cut off from the influence of the warm ocean current; and as during the previous winter there had been an unprecedented snowfall it was only when the days began to lengthen and the sun shone directly upon it that the bare ground appeared. This is the first place I ever saw people shovel snow off their gardens to plant seeds, or the forest trees green, while their roots were covered with snow. The snow came so early and lay to such a depth all winter that the ground was not frozen much under it.

The eventful part of our trip was from Valdez to Copper Centre. At Valdez we had to wait awhile for the snow to melt sufficiently to allow us to proceed on our way. The only road over which this journey can be made is one built by the Government, and completed in 1900, from Valdez to Eagle on the Yukon River. It crosses the Coast range of mountains, and passes through Copper Centre. A telegraph line owned and operated by the Government follows this road, or trail, as it is called, approximately. There are no public conveyances over it; and the journey can be made only on horseback or on foot. In the centre of the trail is a travelled path, just wide enough for one horse or one person; in no place is it wide enough for two to go side by side.

A trip over it at this time of year gives one a good idea of the fine natural scenery, and of the vegetation. From the Coast back to the mountains the vegetation flourishes in almost tropical luxuriance. Green moss from six to eighteen inches deep covers the ground; while growing in great abundance are large, feathery ferns, various tropical-looking plants, wild roses yellow and pink, pink and blue larkspur. Over all pine and spruce trees tower. From many of the trees long moss hangs, such as is supposed to be found only in southern countries. The Government trail is cut out ten feet wide through this until it reaches the higher altitudes, when it becomes more like a shelf, not more than five feet wide, cut into the side of the mountain. The scenery approaches the sublime. The mountains are so high; the glaciers so big; while the rushing rivers foam and hiss over rocky beds with numerous falls whose roar seems an echo from Niagara. The larger streams are bridged; but we rode our horses through the smaller ones, the water dashing so madly and swiftly as to make our heads swim. The trail passes through deep cañons, filled perhaps to the depth of fifty feet with snow. Some years this all disappears; this summer it remained, and though in some places a horse would break the crust a little, more often we crossed as if it were a bridge of ice or the beginning of a new glacier. The moss holds the moisture so that in many places where it was cut through by travel we found mud, and plenty of it.

We had the good fortune to make the journey with a pack-train, packing in supplies to the store in Copper Centre. They took our bedding and clothing in charge also. Our trunks had to be left at Valdez; our clothing, only the most necessary articles, was put into Klondike trunks — which are canvas bags with a round bottom, and a drawstring at the top. The packer (whom I shall call Billy, and whose father and mother are members of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston) is one of the owners of the

store in Copper Centre. They own their own pack-horses, and Billy's fat, sleek animals commended him to us at once as a kind, considerate young man; for no horses can follow this trail and look well without the nicest of care.

Our company consisted of Mr. B., who is a sketch artist from the Pacific Coast, Mrs. B. and son, of nine years, Billy, Mr. Clevenger and myself. The B.'s were going about sixty miles up the trail for a little outing, and incidentally to prospect for gold. As we were going into a country where almost all imported goods are canned, condensed, crystallized or evaporated, we took a Jersey cow with us; there were also five pack-horses, two saddle-horses, and two half-grown kittens, which Billy was taking in a gunnysack slung over his shoulder. The lead pack-horse, Mr. B.'s horse, and the cow each had a bell, so that in case we were separated we could keep track of each other. We also had a camping outfit and mosquito tents.

The first two days' travel took us through Keystone Cañon, and to the foot of a mountain 2,600 feet high. Mr. B., who had twice visited Yosemite Valley, Cal., pronounced this cañon just as beautiful as that, and very much like it, only narrower. On the morning of the third day we started for the summit, zigzagging back and forth for hours; when we at last reached the goal, it was to find that we had to descend again. I had a good saddle-horse all to myself and clung to him nearly all day. The rest of the company walked. The cow had to be led, and the kittens carried.

At Kimball Pass, 60 miles from Valdez, the B.'s left us, reducing our company to three. This pass is far above timber line. In the distance we saw snow-capped mountains, and an occasional glacier; pine timber filled in between us and the mountains. In the moist places along our way were blooming the bluest of forget-me-nots, larkspur, marguerites. It was a fine day, cloudy and cool; and our mosquito veils which had done us such good service could be dispensed with for one day at least.

From Tonsino to Copper Centre, a distance of 25 miles, there are no roadhouses (hotels), and the last night of our journey we camped in a lonely place. During the evening we sat around the camp-fire, and Billy told of his home and Sunday-school teacher when a boy. The kittens had been let out for a play, and for their supper of milk, which the Jersey furnished in abundance; when lo, in a playful mood they both scampered to the top of a spruce-tree near and could not get down. The days were now at their longest and there really was no darkness; but Billy made us a spruce bed, we put our mosquito tent over it, and lay down for the night. About eleven o'clock we were aroused by the crackling of dead branches of a near-by tree, and our first thought was a bear. At last, looking through the little window of our tent, we discovered it was Billy in the top of the tree after the kittens.

Each day of the journey brought both its difficulties and its pleasures. Night always found us so tired that we slept well; so each morning found us rested and ready for what lay before us. On the afternoon of our last day we came in sight of Mt. Wrangel, an active volcano; black smoke pours from its crater, as from the smoke-stack of an ocean liner.

We were two weeks making the journey of 103 miles, reaching here the 15th of July. We had stopped over a day at three different places to rest, and on the evening of the fourteenth day reached Copper Centre — the first cats, the first cow, and the first preacher to come to this part of Alaska for a home.

Some Experiences of a Missionary's Wife

IN looking over some old reports from field missionaries, we came upon a letter dated Phœnix, Arizona Territory, June 7, 1883. Conditions have not changed in that Territory so much that similar experiences might not be undergone at present. For its own interest we rescue from the past this story by a brave-hearted Christian woman, one of a large class that can never be overappreciated and commonly go without recognition in this world. The writer was Mrs. N. Gregory, and what kind of a helpmeet she made to her husband will appear from the narrative. If the writer is living, we should be glad to hear from her. This is what she said in the letter of more than a score of years ago, which she little thought would ever find its way into print:

"Our visit at Globe was very pleasant. The church was organized with twelve constituent members. The baptism took place fifteen miles from Globe. It cost $15 to take the candidates there. A lot was secured, and cash paid for it. Bro. W. and Mr. G. visited all the merchants, and persuaded them to close their stores on the Sabbath. The M. E. pastor went after them and tried to counteract their work, thinking the sympathy of those not Christians would be with him. But the merchants were so indignant they said they would withdraw their support from him and give it to the Baptists. There was such a strong public sentiment created they called it a 'Baptist Boom.'

"When we left Globe, Bro. Haverly took his strong team and helped us up the first mountain. He pointed out to us where Dr. Glenn and the express agent were killed not long since. We heard much of the depredations of the Apaches. We heard that the White Mountain Apaches were about to break out, and as we were passing within six miles of them, we were several times startled by seeming danger.

"Twice while on the road hewn out of the mountain we were met by freight teams, drawn by eight mules each. Mr. G. had a very narrow escape: one of our horses became frightened and almost knocked him over the precipice. He was hurt, but not seriously. Baby and I were on the side of the mountain, holding to the rocks.

"It was more dangerous driving down the mountain than up — not so tedious, however. We arrived safely at Riverside, a town of four houses, but miners near. The hotel is kept by Mr. Putnam; we found them looking for us, and such a welcome as we received (they had heard of us from Scott's ranch, which is four miles distant). I must keep them a part of my parish. We have carried the gospel to families who can only be reached in this way.

"A long, tedious mountain journey for half a day brought us to the cabin of a colored man; we sang hymns with him; talked with him; commended him to God, and left him looking after us from his lonely home. In the afternoon we crossed a hot desert before reaching Florence — a pretty growing place, with a large Mexican population and over 300 resident Americans, besides the miners. The Catholic is the only church. A railroad is expected; then it will improve greatly, for it is blessed with water. We found one Baptist, and took her name; she promises to contribute monthly to Tucson church, and to unite there for the present. We are doing that now, taking members into some church so as to hold them. Mr. G. secured the gift of a whole square for a Baptist church.

"From Florence to Phœnix it is mostly desert. We were lost on it for six hours; had no water with us. But God led us to a Mexican's house, where we were received with the greatest hospitality. They gave us their best — beans cooked with red peppers, onions, and tortillas. There were no floors or windows. This man has cattle that yielded him an income of $8,000 per annum. The next day, which we had dreaded most of all, it rained so that we were not troubled by the scorching rays of the sun. Twice we crossed water so deep it ran into our buggy, and damaged our baggage. That night we spent with Bro. ——. I wish I could describe the house! half-way between an Indian wigwam and a Mexican hut; but inside I found a cultured lady, from Canada, who had been brought up in luxury. Her husband has lost his arm; they have had many trials, but are cheerful, looking forward to better days. She was sick, so I cooked our dinner. I was so tired I wanted to go by myself and have a good cry, but concluded to laugh it off.

"We have travelled fifty miles; three more are to unite on Sunday — this makes 23. We came home in such good spirits; last night all promised so much. We have heard there are 25 new cases of smallpox, and that the people are again panic-stricken. Mr. G. has gone to try to rally them for Sabbath as I write."

How the New Southwest Grows

BY REV. M. W. ANDERSON

HOME missions is the mother of all missions. To realize the conditions with which our Home Mission Society has to cope in its pioneer and frontier work, we shall do well to consider the rapid development of the Southwest, as we find it in Arizona, New Mexico, and especially Oklahoma and Indian Territories. Let us glance first at the material possibilities. Begin with Arizona. This Territory is for the most part a mountainous region. Mountain is often another name for wealth. In this case it is eminently true. Gold, silver, and other metals common to this country are found in great abundance in nearly every precinct. There are 30,000,000 acres of mineral land in Arizona, producing $40,000,000 of money annually. But mountains also mean valleys and valleys mean agriculture. We have in Arizona 10,000,000 acres of agricultural lands, most of which is made very productive by means of irrigation, the Government having appropriated several millions of dollars for this purpose. This Territory also has a timber belt of more than 100 miles in length and 60 in width, the greatest body of pine timber in the United States. Similar conditions are found in New Mexico. Coal beds, iron ore, timber lands and grazing lands abound. The climate of New Mexico is admirable — the temperature rarely ever falls to the freezing point or rises to extreme heat.

As to Indian and Oklahoma Territories, the garden spot of the world. This is a great agricultural region, but other interests are also developing — coal, gold, oil, and gas. Oklahoma is unique in location — too far east for the dry weather belt, too far west for the flood districts, too far north for the extreme heat, and too far south for the long cold winters.

Now, where there are great material possibilities, there the people will gather together. It has ever been so. The Orients all think Americans are rich. This explains the great annual emigration to the western world. The same spirit prevails in America, and the crowd surges westward. In 1900 the census gave Arizona 123,000 population; during the last four years it has increased 33 per cent. New Mexico now has a population of 300,000, and is increasing at a rapid rate. Oklahoma is fifteen years old and has a population of 700,000. There is a family on every quarter section of land, and there are many towns and cities with from 500 to 30,000 people. Oklahoma has never had a parallel in this world's history in the increase of population. Oklahoma and Indian Territories have a population of more than 1,000,000. These two Territories are to be one State.

It has been the wise policy of the American Baptist Home Mission Society to go where the people go, and to go most where the most people go. Two elements enter into Home Mission operations, destitution and returns. Destitution only is an object of charity, but the Missionary idea is a much higher conception. The Home Mission idea has for its aim the salvation of our home-land, and ultimately — through a home-land saved, trained and inspired for service — the salvation of the nations of the earth. The wise agriculturist invests in view of returns. Those engaged in mining interests and all material interests are governed by the same policy. Of course if the denomination was not limited as to money or men, our plans might be different, but while limited, this must be our policy.

This new land, with its cosmopolitan and rapidly increasing population, is plastic material in our hands. This population consists mostly of young men. It is a young man's land. He is in it for fortune and fame. This population should be moulded, yes, it is being moulded now. We have recognized the formative period in every department of life. The blacksmith recognizes the welding period in the process of his heated irons; the ploughman knows the importance of early attention to the growing corn. Parents know the significance of the child-life; the educational world has long ago recognized that it is the young mind that yields to learning. What shall the moulding of the Southwest be? When

shall this moulding be? Some one said: "I saw, once, lying side by side, in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect, all the features of a noble manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other, scarcely a single feature could be recognized, it was all marred and spoiled. The metal had been let grow too cool." How true that is of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King while warm with the glow and love of early youth is allowed to grow too cold and the writing is blurred and the image is marred. The same is true of the formative period of any country or of any section of any country. How much we owe to the Puritan spirit which began, inspired, and moulded our American Nation. If I were asked where lives or sleeps the greatest contributor to the goodness and greatness of America, without hesitation I would make a pilgrimage to the grave of Roger Williams, that hero of liberty, that advocate of righteousness, that man of God. So in the far off years that are to come, our great-grandchildren will bring their laurels of victory and tokens of love to the graves of men and women who gave their time, tears and talent to the moulding of their country for righteousness and heaven. It is my conviction that the East, the great East, the centre of secular and religious activities; the East, the great sleeping giant, is not aroused to the vast possibilities and onrushing destinies of the new southwest land. There is no more important field on the continent for Home Mission effort.

Notes from the Field

ONE of our missionary pastors says: "The Black Diamond work covers a very needy field, population of 4,000 and only one resident pastor, the Baptist. Outside our Baptist meetings there are no others to bless this destitute district. There is a large foreign population. It looks more like the work of a foreign missionary than a home missionary. Two-thirds of the population is now foreign. The progress is like climbing the Alps."

A PORTUGUESE missionary in New Bedford, Mass., says: A Roman Catholic priest, of middle age, well known as an able preacher and man of high character, came and told us he was tired of preaching doctrines repugnant to his own conscience. He has been studying the Scriptures since, and declared last Sunday at the evening service that he had learned more of the Word of God in the last two months than in all his life before.

A NOTE from Missionary Clevenger in Alaska: Work among the Indians very encouraging both as to school and religious services. Work among the whites is like all Alaska work I have seen, people must be caught on the wing or not caught at all. I see a good number of people every week and sometimes have a good-sized congregation.

EXTRA meetings held by the church in Saguache, Col., where Rev. A. Z. Hall is pastor, have resulted in a general awakening of a town regarded as a hopeless field for Christian effort, and there are 60 converts. Six months ago the trustees had decided to close the church and rent the parsonage, but God had a different plan, as the pastor says, and now the church is looking forward to vigorous life.

THE leading article in the *Christian Baptist*, our Home Mission monthly paper in Monterey, Mexico, is on the "Character of a Baptist Church." Rev. J. M. Cardenas, the writer, has a properly high idea of what a Christian church founded on the New Testament model should be, and finds that idea best met in the Baptist church. The social problem of the evangelization of Mexico is receiving careful attention in a series of articles. Seven new members were received into Pastor Garcia's church in Monterey during December.

REV. MARTIN NELSON, of Elyria, Neb., reports that a church has been organized at a new mission station, with six constituent members, whose numbers were increased within a week by 33 baptisms, and a fortnight later by 15 more, so that the new church has over 50 members already. That is rapid growth.

REV. A. B. HOWELL reports from Cristo, Cuba, that his field now includes seven stations, with many more soon to be opened. He has baptized 21 thus far, and at Jutro and Eucenada 150 have asked for admission to the church. He is engaged in a great work, which does not leave him time for oversleeping or stopping; but he thanks God for the opportunity.

REV. M. E. GUAJARDO, of Montmorelos, Mexico, says the gospel is making good progress in his field. Last year eleven converts were baptized, and others are expected soon to present themselves for baptism.

GOOD news of conversions and baptisms comes constantly from the workers in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Mexico. This is the announcement of one of these baptismal occasions made in the Cuban paper *El Mensajero*: Following the sermon of the evening in the church of Camaguey, six persons confessed in baptism their faith in the Saviour Jesus. Another item says that Missionary Escandell baptized at Tunas thirty converts. Faith and faithfulness are telling.

REV. S. SVENSON, Swedish pastor in Philadelphia, has permission from the Commissioner of Immigration to meet the Scandinavian immigrants as they land at that port. He makes weekly visits to the port; speaks to every arriving immigrant from Scandinavia, acts as interpreter, renders little services which win their gratitude and open their hearts to the gospel message which he unfailingly brings, and distributes tracts and New Testaments. He feels that this work is of inestimable value as these people land on our shores. No salary but much hard work attaches to the position.

Our Young People

Conducted by Anna Sargent Hunt

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due

WE have quoted in the children's pages from Dr. Sheldon Jackson. It is well that our young people bear in mind the service he has rendered to the cause of missions.

On March 2, 1885, the United States Bureau of Education was authorized to prepare a school system for Alaska, and Doctor Jackson was appointed general agent of education in that country. The greatness of the undertaking can be understood only in part, although we may know that the territory covered an area of one-sixth of the United States. Doctor Jackson has called our attention to the fact that the schools to be established would be from four thousand to six thousand miles from the headquarters at Washington and from one hundred to one thousand miles from each other. There was not a road five miles long in all Alaska at that time. The three schools in the northern portion in an area as large as all the New England and Middle States combined were so remote and inaccessible that they could be reached but once a year. We wish all our young people would read "Our Western Archipelago," by Henry M. Field. Seven chapters deal in the most thrilling way with Alaska.

In the one on "Schools and Missions," speaking of those in the northernmost part, the writer says: "Living as we do in populous communities, we can hardly comprehend the awful silence and loneliness of the Arctic Circle, where men are almost buried alive. Their situation is, in some respects, worse than that of exiles in Siberia, for the exiles can at least have the companionship of sorrow.

"But some of our missionaries are literally out of the world. They receive mail only once a year. Months may pass without seeing a familiar face. In one case a missionary was left alone among the Eskimos for a whole winter. At last there came a party of natives with a dog which had been given them by an English trader; and for want of other company, the poor missionary trudged over the snow every day, as he expressed it, 'to talk English with that dog.'

"How he must have yearned for the sight of one of his own race, with whom he could speak in his own tongue wherein he was born! Add to this tie of blood that of Christian brotherhood, and how overmastering must be the longing for some fellow being whom he could call brother, and press to his aching bosom! . . . . Our missionaries are making history for us. They are the pioneers of civilization, and if what they have done be not recognized now, it will be hereafter. When we are all dead and gone, and our Western Archipelago is no longer a wilderness; when church spires rise out of the primeval forest, and the sound of the churchgoing bell is heard over these woods and waters; then will the historians of that day seek among the graves of the fathers, to find to whom Alaska owes its schools and churches, and no name will be held in more grateful remembrance than that of Sheldon Jackson."

A Long Night

WRITING of the long night, Dr. Briggs, formerly of the Episcopalian mission at Point Hope, north of the Arctic Circle, says: "Although the total disappearance of the sun did not occur until Dec. 10th, I lighted the first lamps in the schoolroom Nov. 12th, and had to use them continually up to Feb. 9th, although the sun made its first appearance as early as Jan. 3d; the night continued through twenty-four days. The day portion of the long night is made of a twilight that travels from east to west and becomes fainter and fainter as the night advances toward its middle, but is never totally extinct. Nature tries to make up the deficiency with brilliant auroras, and the moon does its share by not setting for several days, at its full. . . . Taking the winter as a whole it has not been nearly as severe as I had anticipated, and I have passed through it very nicely. Our coldest weather was when the thermometer varied from twenty-seven to thirty-one degrees below zero. The average was probably fifteen degrees below. A few miles from here on the mainland the thermometer registers very much lower."

WHEN, in 1885, the news reached Kadiak that a school was to be opened at St. Paul Harbor, a family at Kaguyak broke up housekeeping, and the mother and two grown daughters travelled eighty miles by sea in a canoe to attend the school, in their eagerness arriving six months before school opened.

Our Little Folks

You'd Nearly Forgot

A STORY which contains a striking picture of many another contented one, and at the same time has a good moral, is told in one of our exchanges:

One night as the Prosperous Citizen was going to his comfortable home, grumbling under the fur-lined collar of his overcoat at the bitter wind, and trying once more to discover what was wrong, he heard a cry. It was a little cry, because it came from a Little Person. The Little Person was huddled up in the recess of a shop door. The Prosperous Citizen stopped, for he remembered that he was fond of children.

"Now then! now then!" he said, in a gruff, good-natured way. "What's all this about? Why don't you run off home?"

"If you had my 'ome," said the Little Person, shrilly, "you wouldn't run off to it."

"But you're shivering!"

"I do that for fun."

"And you have been crying."

"I laugh so much," said the Little Person, rubbing hands and trembling.

"Your boots are coming all to pieces," sternly.

"It's fash'nable to wear 'em like that in our set."

The Prosperous Citizen stooped down and patted the Little Person's face. In that moment the tears came again.

"I say! I say!" declared the Prosperous Citizen, with much concern, "I'd no idea anybody suffered so much as this."

"You knew," said the shivering Little Person; "you knew, but — but you'd nearly forgot!"

While the Little Person was being warmed and fed and amused at the very nearest shop, the Prosperous Citizen, enjoying it all as much as his guest did, pondered over this remark. He walked up and down the eating-house, and gradually illumination came to his mind. "You knew," he repeated to himself more than once; "you knew, but you nearly forgot. You knew, but you nearly —"

"Now," cried the Prosperous Citizen, opening his purse with good delight, "now that I see what's the matter with me, I can soon find a remedy."

Extra Golden Minutes

THE year is a purse where stored away
Are golden minutes for use each day.
Extra coins are these, I mean,
For little purchases "in between."
Some may be spent on a chat, no doubt,
With the old and lame who can't go out;
Others may go for a helpful deed —
One of God's children may stand in need!
Give a few — you can spare them — now and then,
In learning more of your fellow men.
Spend some on yourself and the dear home nest;
Occasionally buy a few hours' rest.
Always more than your hands can hold
Are the bargains to get with this extra gold!

— *The Morning Star.*

Alaska School Life

ACROSS the way from our Auburn home is a fine school building where 600 children are in daily attendance. It is a typical city school. Like the pictures in a kaleidoscope are the glimpses of the hundreds of little girls and misses neatly dressed in the bright colors so becoming to young folks. It is very entertaining to watch them before and after school hours, and especially at their frequent recesses, when suddenly the sounds of laughter and merry shouting are hushed, the lines are formed, and to the beating of the drum the mass of pupils pass up the great stone steps and are lost beyond the heavy doors that are soon closed.

The many carriages drawn up before the curbstone on the very rainy days, or when the snows are drifting heavily, are evidences of the tender care bestowed on the treasures of many a household.

In strong contrast is the school life of many of the children in Alaska. At the Orphanage at Wood Island there are none of the things which attract the eye in a city school, but faithful work is being done for the twenty-five girls and nineteen boys who make this their home. Our little folks have become familiar with the name of Ofdotia, and will be glad to know that she has been a willing worker and loving helper in all possible ways. She is now married and lives in Uyak.

During the last year five of the Orphanage children have been baptized, and joined the church, making sixteen in all.

All of our Sunday-school children who give to the Alaska work would rejoice if they could know the good their money is doing; how it helps to provide a shelter and Christian care for homeless little ones, and brings to them some of the same kind of joy that is always making their own lives bright.

While we read and know a great deal about the Kadiak Islands, which are called the "garden spots of Alaska," and where fruits and vegetables and flowers grow in abundance, we must also remember the parts of the country where Alaska is indeed an "ice-bound land."

Dr. Sheldon Jackson says that at Point Hope the schoolhouse was two miles from the nearest house in the adjacent village. The village contained a population of 161. Of that number, sixty-eight pupils travelled back and forth, four miles each day, in an Arctic winter and an Arctic night, where the thermometer varies from twenty-seven to fifty-seven degrees below zero, and oftentimes accompanied by a blizzard. The ice was solid out on the ocean for two hundred miles. The snow would sometimes fly in perfect sheets. One of the children, during the winter, was either blown out to sea or caught and eaten by bears, and yet the attendance at school was always regular.

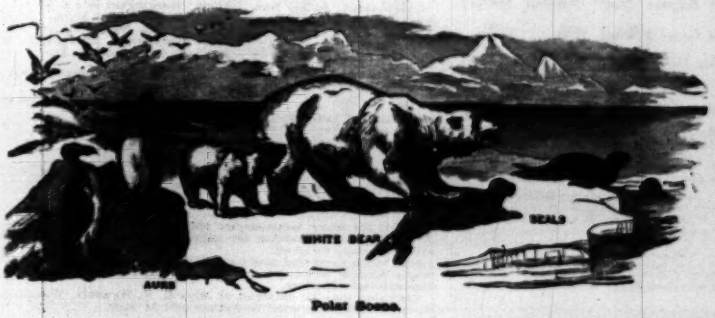
During the early part of the winter the teacher hired large boys to see the younger children home safe, but this was soon found unnecessary. Somehow or other they came to school every day and returned safe.

The following incidents show something of the school life at Sitka.

One day, as a teacher was hurrying to get important business letters off on steamer day, he heard a knock at his study door. On answering it, he found a pupil who had not been in the school quite a year. "Well, what is it, Daniel?"

"Can you give me a lettoh-bog?"

"A what?"



Polar Scene.

"Lettoh-bog." The teacher guessed that what Daniel wanted was an envelope, or "letter-bag," and he was accordingly made happy.

That the native children are not slow to make apt comparisons or draw logical inferences has been shown on many occasions. Some schoolboys who suspected one of their number of informing the teacher of their pranks, and desired to accuse him of being a talebearer, certainly put it rather neatly when they said to him, "You are a telegraph."

Another pupil, who had a book from which a portion of a leaf had been torn, said to his teacher, "Please, ma'am, I cannot get my lesson. It is broken off."

The hopeful thing about the Alaska schools is the growing eagerness of the people that their children shall learn the white man's ways. One old man said, with much pathos, "My fathers never had light. Now that I am old, light has come. But my eyelids are stiff, and only a little light gets in."

A missionary teacher in the same part of Alaska says: "The stirring up of the ambition of the children did not occur until the middle of February, when a series of blizzards set in, lasting until March. The storms are beyond description. . . . The mission at times seemed taxed almost to its utmost to withstand the fury of the gale. The snow flew by in perfect sheets. The natives could not go on the ice, neither could the children stay out of doors, so they flocked to the mission. I was quite uneasy concerning the little ones of seven and eight years of age, and hired men the first night or two to see that they reached home safely, but found the precaution unnecessary. Weather cannot be too bad for an Eskimo."

"Long is the darkness that over us lies,
When shall the dawn of the morning arise?"

Ofdotia

AFTER we had made mention, in speaking of our Alaskan Orphanage, of Ofdotia Brown, we were pleased to receive a poem written by herself, on the occasion of Mr. Coe's birthday, last May. A surprise and entertainment were planned by the women connected with the Mission and the Orphanage children. Ofdotia read the poem, and refreshments were served. It is pleasant that good times like our own can be enjoyed in that far-away country. Just imagine, little folks, that you are a part of the company assembled in honor of our faithful worker, Mr. Coe. We have no need to ask that you listen attentively to Ofdotia as she gives the following —

Birthday Greeting

Dear Papa Coe, this evening we have met
To show you we do not forget
That twenty-sixth of May
Is your birthday.
We know to-day you are forty years old,
And surely you are worth your weight in gold.
From early morn to eve you toil
Cultivating land and soil.

Happy may your birthday be
Is the wish we wish to thee.
May God grant you many a year
To labor in Wood Island, here,
Winning souls for Christ and God
Before some rest beneath the sod.
Let's all hurrah for the dear K. B. O.,
Long live our dear Papa Coe.

Papa Coe, you are loved by all,
You are loved by both short and tall.
Papa Coe there, and Papa Coe here,
That is the way it goes every year.
When the natives need money, or a friend,
On Papa they always depend.
Instead of going to their priest to find relief,
In your office they go and bury their grief.

Oh, do not let the moments waste,
Bring in the cake, let's have a taste.
May you live till your hair is hoary,
Let's all meet each other in the home in glory.
Methinks how happy you ought to be,
Over forty children around your knee,
And besides a dear wife,
Who is the joy of your life.